

British Volunteers.

To which are added,

GOD SAVE THE KING.

MALLY BANN.

TIPPLING JOHN.

JOHNY FAA, THE GYPSIE LADDIE.



G L A S G O W,
Printed by J & M. ROBERTSON,
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(2)

The BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

BY MR. BURNS. TUNE—PUSH ABOUT THE JORUM.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat,
then let the louns beware, Sir.

There's WOODEN WALLS upon our seas,
and VOLUNTEERS on shore, Sir :

The CLYDE shall rin to FINTOCK FAP,
and BENLOMON loup to GALL'WAY,

E'er we permit a FOREIGN FOE
on BRITISH ground to rally.

O let us not like snarling tykes,
in wrangling be divided,

Till, flap come in an UNCO LOUN,
and wi' a rung decide it!

Be BRITAIN still to BRITAIN true,
amang ourselves united ;

For never but by BRITISH HANDS
must BRITISH WRONGS be righted.

The KETTLE o' the KIRK and STATE,
perhaps a clout may sail in't,

But de'il a foreign tinkler loun
shall ever ca' a nail in't :

Our FATHERS BLUDE the KETTLE bought,
and wha wad dare to spoil it,

By HEAVENS! the Sacrilegious Dog
shall FUEL be to BOIL it!

The wretch that would a TYRANT own,
 and th' wretch his true-sworn brother,
 Who'd set the MOB aboon the THRONE,
 may they be damn'd together !
 Who will not sing, GOD SAVE THE KING,
 shall hang as high's the steeple ;
 But while we sing, GOD SAVE THE KING,
 we'll ne'er forget THE PEOPLE

GOD SAVE THE KING.

GOD save great George our King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King.

Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King !

O Lord our God arise,
 Scatter his enemies.
 And make them fall.

Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
 On him our hopes are fix'd,
 O save us all !

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On him be pleas'd to pour,
 Long may he reign !
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King.

O! grant him long to see
Friendship and unity

Always increase;
May he his sceptre sway,
All loyal souls obey,
Join heart and voice, huzza!
God save the King!

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M A L L Y B A N N.

JAMIERANDAL went a hunting,
a hunting in the dark.

But, to his great misfortune,
he did not miss his mark:

His love's apron being about her,
he took her for a swan.

But alas! and for ever alas!
it was sweet Mally Bann.

When he came up unto her,
and found that she was dead,
Great abundance of salt tears
for his darling he shed.

He went home to his father
with his gun in his hand,
Crying, Dear father, dear father,
I have shot Mally Bann.

His father looked upon him,
(his hair being grey)
Crying, Oh! my dearest son,
you must not run away:

Stay at home in your own country,
 let your trial come on;
 By the laws of sweet Ireland,
 you shall never be undone.

Within two or three months after,
 to her uncle she appear'd,
 Crying, Dear uncle, dear uncle,
 let Jamie Randal go free:

For my apron being about me,
 he took me for a Swan:
 But it is Oh! and ever alas!
 it was sweet Mally Bann.

All the Maidens in the country,
 they are all very glad,
 That this beautiful; this lovely,
 this fair one was dead.

She was the flower of all the nation,
 the flower of Colrain;
 The flower of all the nation
 was sweet Mally Bann.

When the fair Maids in the city,
 were assembled in a row,
 She appeared amongst them
 like a mountain of snow.

The flower of all the nation,
 the flower of Colrain,
 The flower of all the nation
 was sweet Mally Bann.

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 T I P P L I N G J O H N .
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A S tippling John was jogging on,
 upon a riot night,
 With tottering pace, and firey face,
 suspicious of high flight;
 The guards, who took him by his look,
 for some chief firey-brand.
 Ask'd whence he came? What was his name?
 who are you? stand, friend, stand.
 I'm going home from meeting come,
 ay, says one, that's the case;
 Some meeting he has burnt, you see
 the flame's still in his face.
 John thought it time to purge his crime,
 and said, My chief intent
 Was to assuage my thirsty rage,
 I' th' meeting that I meant.
 Come, friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,
 says one, pray let us know,
 That we may find how you're inclin'd;
 are you high church or low?
 John said to that, I'll tell you what,
 to end debates and strife.
 All I can say, this is the way
 I steer my course of life.
 I ne'er to Bow, nor Burgeses go,
 to steeple-house nor hall.
 The brisk bar-bell best suits my zeal
 with gentlemen, d' ye call;

Gucks then, am I low church or high,
 from that tow'r, or no steeple,
 Whose merry toll exalts the soul,
 and must make high-flown people!

The guards came on, and look'd at John
 with countenance most pleasant,
 By whisper round they all soon found
 he was no damag'd peasant,
 Thus while John stood the best he cou'd,
 expecting their decision;
 Damn him, says one, let him be gone,
 he's of our own religion.

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JOHNY FAIR, THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

THE gypsies came to our good Lord's gate,
 and vow but they sang sweetly;
 They sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,
 that down came the fair Lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,
 and a' her maids before her;
 As soon as they saw her well-far'd face,
 they coost the glamer o'er her.

Gae tak from me this gay mantle,
 and bring to me a plaidie,
 For if kith and kin, and a' had sworn,
 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

Yestreen I lay in a well made bed,
 and my good Lord beside me;

This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
whatever shall betide me.

Come to your bed. says Johnny Faa,
oh come to your bed, my deary ;
For I vow and swear, by the hilt of my sword,
that your Lord shall nae mair come near ye.

I'll go to bed to my Johnny Faa,
I'll go to bed to my deary ;
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
that my Lord shall nae mair come near me.

I'll mak a hap to my Johnny Faa,
and I'll mak a hap to my deary,
And he's get a' the coat gaez round,
and my Lord shall nae mair come near me.

And when our Lord came hame at een,
and speir'd for his fair Lady.
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
she's away with the gypsie Laddie.

Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
gae saddle and make him ready ;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair Lady.

And we were fifteen well-made men,
altho' we were nae bonny :
And we were a' put down for aye,
a fair young wanton Lady.

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